

Destiny in the Stars

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Summary: Admiral Thomas Inman was ferrying Ambassador Worf to Q'onos, but Tom's science officer noted a strange anomaly. Shipmaster Voro'Tuyokee entered slipspace, a strange shockwave hit his ship.

edit I changed some of the elite dialogue to more closely resemble thoughts and other stuff in chapter 2, and I haven't updated recently because I'm stuck on Voru's speech and I'm in college.

1. The Set Up

****Destiny in the Stars****

It was a day almost like any other. Well, "day" because there was no true daytime or nighttime, as they were traversing the stars. Today was slightly different, as the U.S.S. Gallant was ferrying Ambassador Worf to Q'onos for an attempt at peace talks with the Klingons yet again. Captain Thomas Inman (He was actually Vice Admiral, but protocol dictated calling him Captain) caught himself wondering if it was even worth it. However, he knew in several ways that the Ambassador really wanted peace. One, the good captain was a Betazoid, and they were a telepathic race, and two, Thomas knew of Worf's history with both the Klingon High Council and The United Federation of Planets, as Worf had a loyal history with both.

T'beni, a Vulcan, was at her post, the science station, when she noticed an anomaly.

"Captain, There is an anomaly in sector 371, recommend we stop and investigate."

The Captain, his interest perked, asked "What kind of anomaly?"

T'Beni responded "An Einstein-Rosen Bridge, sir." She was extremely intrigued by it, as she thought it might go anywhere.

"Well, we're kind of on a tight schedule here," Tom remarked "Could it wait until we drop the Ambassador off?" His curiosity was piqued, but he was still a Starfleet Officer, and needed to do his job before going off all half-cocked, as the humans put it.

"Initial sensor readings indicate it will only last for, approximately, four more hours" T'Beni stated, her urgency now apparent, for a Vulcan.

"Very well, I'll ask the Ambassador if he doesn't mind exploring an anomaly one more time" Banshee grinned beneath his beard.

Telata'ix, a Jem'Hadar rogue also known in-crew as Tim, said "Sir, I recommend we go to red alert if we are to go investigate a possible wormhole"

"Why? There is no indication of any hostile intentions from it." The Captain almost smiled in amusement at his security officer's reaction to any unknown object.

"Then I at least suggest yellow alert, sir." The Jem'Hadar looked irritated at his captain's almost complete lack of caution.

"I tell you what, we'll go to yellow alert if somehow a ship were to come through."

A thing of little beauty, the ship was, but, in this time of war, beauty mattered little. She had some after-market modifications (what ship nowadays didn't?), on the outside and the inside. The modifications were mainly Borg in origin, which would normally be a cause for concern, but as these were made by liberated Borg engineers, they wouldn't try to assimilate the crew. If they were to try this on a normal Starfleet vessel, they would make a thing of beauty into something ugly, if efficient.

The Gallant, however, was a captured Breen Plesh Frigate, and it was already so ugly, the external Borg modifications were hardly noticeable. With the modifications, she was faster, her shields regenerated faster, and she could even fix her hull without the aid of a spacedock! It all more than made up for her less-than-normal crew of fifty. Normal Starfleet starships had crews in the hundreds, if not thousands, the few exceptions were the recently retrofitted NX-class, as well as the Defiant class and subclasses.

When it came to weapons, she was no slouch in that regard either. The Gallant had three fore Polaron dual heavy cannons and one fore Quantum Torpedo Launcher. Aft, she had two Polaron turrets, which weren't the most powerful of the weapons he had ever used, but they had a full three-hundred sixty degree turn radius. They were mainly to swat enemy fighters down before they could do any damage, while the Gallant could focus on the enemy ship.

Captain Toa Banshee went to his ready room to call the Ambassador. He was fairly certain that the ambassador would not be happy about this little detour.

"Captain Banshee to Ambassador Worf" Tom said as he tapped his combadge.

"Worf here"

"Ambassador, my science officer has found a possible wormhole in sector 371, it's a little out of our way, but she said that it could deteriorate in less than four hours, would you mind exploring a strange anomaly one more time?" Banshee wondered if Worf would explode or be in one of those quiet rages.

"I would be honored to do so, Captain. It has been a long time since I was in deep space." Worf boomed, in his deep voice. The Captain was relieved.

"You don't have to be there as quickly as first thought?" Banshee asked, somewhat warily.

"No, there has been development and I don't need to be there until next week." Worf conceded.

"Very well, would you like to come up to the bridge? There's always room for a warrior such as yourself." The Captain asked.

"No thank you, I am training for battle on your Holodeck at the moment, and these Breen are tougher than I remember." Worf admitted. "I will come up if you were to be so kind as to inform me when we reach this wormhole. Worf Out"

The Captain was somewhat relieved. Ambassador Worf could be intimidating, even when he didn't mean it. He went out into the bridge and sat down in his chair.

"Helm, set course for sector 371. Engage."

The most annoying thing about this wasn't being beaten by a human, as they were a deceptive race, so it was normal that they try, and sometimes it worked. No, what was annoying was that he was **this** close to being able to step onto the Holy Ring, this Halo. Then this human, the ***Demon***, came along and destroyed the holiest of relics. It was something that made Voro'Tuyokee **very** angry.

He was a member of the Intergalactic Coalition that the humans called the Covenant. As much as he thought the humans were inferior, he thought the name was fitting, and he brought it to the Prophet Guards, who brought it to the hierarchs themselves. Within a year, the name was changed to "The Covenant of the Forerunners", or just "The Covenant" for short. Of course, he didn't mention where he heard the name, otherwise the blessed Prophets would have never agreed to even hear the name.

Now he was a shipmaster, instead of a simple courier. His ship was a fine specimen, a light cruiser named Destiny of Fate, She might not have been the biggest, or the fastest, or the most powerful ship in the fleet, but she had the power to glass an entire human colony, something he had done on more than one occasion and enjoyed immensely. Even though he did feel a touch of sorrow for these beings, who chose to fight instead of join this Covenant.

At this time however, he needed to run away, something he was not used to. You see, the Demon had destroyed the Holy Ring by destroying his own ship, and the resulting secondary explosions were of sufficient power to pose a hazard to his ship. He had, just mere seconds ago, ordered a jump to slipspace on a random vector, as there

was no time to compute the journey.

"Shipmaster, we are ready to engage!" said the Sangheili at the helm

"So be it, get us out of here so we may return and kill more of these pests" Voro'Tuyokee said, broken from his trance-like state of thought. "We will kill the vermin who destroyed this sanctum, and return as warriors, and not as animals with our tails tucked between our legs!"

As _Destiny of Fate _entered slipspace, a shockwave hit the cruiser, and the rift. The cruiser started to shake and rumble, then stopped when it entered slipspace. Voro'Tuyokee looked around in curiosity, as that had never happened before, even when hit with shockwaves much more powerful than that one. As it was traveling in slipspace, the helmsman yelled in fright.

"Shipmaster! We are no longer on the same course, we are going in an unknown direction, not on our sensors!"

"What? How is this possible?"

"I do not know, sir, but it may have been due to that shockwave we encountered entering the rift!"

Voro thought about this new information for a bit, then said "Very well, then, all crew members except the engineers shall be in cryosleep until we are about to exit The Void, if possible"

"As you command, Shipmaster"

"But first, tell the engineers to keep weapons online as long as possible, for we have no idea what will be on the other end of this journey, whether it be the human homeworld, or Sangheilios itself."

2. The Meeting of the Ships

Destiny in the Stars Pt. 2

A few hours later, Captain Inman came out of his ready room, where he was studying some of the known wormholes for reference for the new one. What he had read made him think that this one might be an anomaly, for the ones he's read on all slowly made themselves know, not as suddenly as this one had. He had been talking to his science officer, T'beni, and once her excitement, for a Vulcan, had died down, she had similar doubts as to the veracity of this wormhole, as well as news of her own.

"Captain Inman to Ambassador Worf"

"Worf here, Captain"

"Sir, we have reason to assume that this wormhole is different to any Starfleet has encountered before, and it might be a one-way only"

"Are you saying that if we get to the other side, we can't come

back?"

"No, sir, we ARE on the other side"

"What are you saying?"

"I'm saying, sir, that we might not be able to go through or send a probe through."

"So, are we still going to it?"

>"Yes, sir, we do not know if we can send a probe through or not, and there's no guarantee that we won't be able to send a message through"<p>

"I see"

Inman knew that there was a chance that a ship might come through from the other side, or the wormhole might be two-way after all. However, he also knew that Worf used to be a tactical officer on one of the Enterprises, so he decided to let the ambassador rest, and not worry about something that was out of his control. Earlier he had ordered his bridge crew to not say anything to the ambassador either, at least until they got to the wormhole and knew for sure.

"I will contact you again when we get there."

"Thank you, admiral. Keep me posted, if possible."

"Will do. Inman out."

'Well', Inman thought, 'that went better than expected.' It had, too. Thomas was expecting the ambassador to suggest defensive procedures, which Tom would have to comply with, for the relations between the Klingons and the Federation. Yes, after the Undine invasion of Earth Space Dock and Q'onos, the relations of their two galactic governments has improved dramatically, but there have still been Gorn, Orions, and Nausicaans preying on freighters, apparently for the fun of it, and against the wishes of the Klingon Defense Force (KDF).

"Shipmaster, wake up" Said a voice over the comm.

"I'm awake. What is it?" Voro'Tuyokee mumbled.

"Sir, there has been a problem with the Void Drive."

"WHAT?! Why was I not informed?!"

"Sir, the Hugarok just told me, and I chose to tell you right away."

"Hmph. Well, then you have chosen well. I am on my way"

"Yes, Sir."

While he didn't like the idea of the Void Drive having a problem while they were in the Void, he admitted to himself that his second in command had done the right thing in waking him. He would go and help the Hugarok as much as he could, as a token of goodwill. You would not want your best, and sometimes only, engineering species to

suddenly rebel in the middle of repairs, something most other Elites could never understand.

Getting out of his cot, he went over to his armor and put on the gleaming golden-yellow suit on. He knew that most humans -he despised them even though they unknowingly helped him- must have thought the Elites slept in their armor, but he thought that was ridiculous, did they wear their combat suits on while sleeping? Did they keep them on while off duty? Of course not. That was war, however, as one side often thought nothing of the others except to dehumanize them, as the humans put it. (There was no equivalent in any of the Covenant languages)

While he knew that most of his superiors thought nothing of these pests, and often called them even worse names, he knew that if they were to incorporate them into the Covenant, instead of wiping them out, the Covenant would get the better deal of the two. Looking at them, they discovered all their technology without using any Forerunner Relics, even as the Covenant had to use Forerunner Relics to do anything. They couldn't even recharge their weapons, while the Humans would reuse theirs all the time, even if the human weapons were vastly inferior.

He went out of his room after he ate his morning rations (he wouldn't have a real meal until he got back to High Charity). He walked down the hallways until he got to the grav lift, then he went down into the Void Drive Room. He then went up to the lead Hugarok, Denser than Most, and asked what the situation was.

"10010101001-"

"DTM, you know Shipmaster doesn't speak that gibberish" grunted a nearby Elite

"Sorry, master" Denser than Most replied, through a translator. "I was merely excited at our unexpected discovery"

"And what would that be, Denser?" Voru asked.

"At first, I thought that our Void Drive was malfunctioning-"

"Do you mean it wasn't? Then why did one of your men send to wake me up?"

"I only realized what it was less than three minutes ago"

"Alright, then what is wrong?"

"Nothing is wrong, per se."

"What does that mean?"

"Nothing is wrong with our Drive, but we will be delayed in getting back to High Charity"

"By how long?"

"Calculatingâ€¦| Unknown"

"Alright, then WHY are we being delayed?"

"Cause unknown, but the Drive is in an odd state of temporal flux"

"I thought you said nothing was wrong with the Drive!"

"It will not be harmed, if we do not tamper with it while it is in this state"

"Alright, what are we to do until then?"

"I propose that all non-essential personnel be put into cryosleep until we come out, to conserve resources"

"Unacceptable, we need to find a way of getting our Drive functional again, and to do that, we need every one in this ship"

Suddenly, the ship lurched, forcing all but the Hugarok to the ground. After a few seconds, the lurching stopped and Voru'Tuyokee got up and dusted off his armor. Then his entire world changed.

"Sir," Voru's aide seemed urgent, "sir, theâ€| theâ€| the Driveâ€| haâ€| hasâ€| disappeared!"

"What do you mean disappeared?" Voru replied

"I mean, it's GONE!"

Voru turned around and froze. It was gone all right, nowhere to be found, it wasn't on the floor, not in a wall, nowhere.

"Di-did it explode and we didn't feel it because of the lurching?"

"No sir, if it did, then this ship would not be intact" Denser replied

Then Voru's communicator beeped and his world changed even more.

"Yes?" Voru looked like he wanted anything to take his mind off the missing Drive.

"Sir, we came out of the Void, and, sir, there was an unknown ship waiting for us"

"Did they cause this?"

"Unknown, but they are hailing us"

A few hours earlierâ€|

"Captain, we have arrived at the anomaly" stated T'Beni

"Good, let's take a few readings and we can continue to Q'onos to drop the ambassador off." Said Admiral Thomas Inman

"Not so fast, Mon Capitan" said a new, mischievous voice

He didn't even have to look to know who this new voice was. It was Q, a nearly omnipotent entity that a few Federation Captains have had dealings with, Inman included.

"Q. Never a dull moment when you're around"

"Do I detect some resentment in your voice? Aunt Kathy would never do such a thing."

"Maybe not, but Admiral Tuvok might."

"Ah, yes, my Vulcan friend. I hear you two have gotten quite close."

Inman knew it was a bait, but he had to correct him.

"Not quite close, but he have fought Undine and Borg together."

"Aha, I knew it, you are a teacher's pet!"

"That doesn't even make sense" stated Telata'ix

"Oh, look, my favorite Jem'hadar pet!" Q almost squealed. "Do you do tricks like 'roll over' or 'beg'?"

Telata'ix growled, which delighted Q to no end.

"Ooh, he's a mean one, Isaiah, why don't you put him down like you would a rabid dog?"

"Because he isn't a dog, he's a sentient being. Plus, he's only this way when you are around"

"Now, now, don't tell me you don't like when I'm around. As I recall, you and your crew enjoyed themselves last time we met."

Q was, of course, talking about the time when Q whisked them to a snowy planet where they had to fight living snowmen to survive, and when they did, they got new weapons, plasma based Bat'leths and Lirpas.

"Now Q, you know full well, we weren't enjoying that 'winter wonderland' as you put it."

"Then I guess you won't mind giving back those gifts I gave youâ€|"

"Then again, I, for one, enjoyed the experience" Telata'ix quickly stated

"Careful, too many more statements like that, and I might start to like you." Q said, turning to him. "Alright you guys can keep them after all. You might even need them in the next few day, years, or whatever. I can never keep track of linear time."

With that, Q vanished. Moments later, the chief engineer, Thil, contacted the bridge.

"Thil to bridge"

"Captain Inman here"

"Sir, all power to the warp engines is gone, no matter what I do, the power drain keeps power away from warp. I don't know if this is a virus, malfunction, sabotage or what, but I don't know if we will be able to go to warp at all."

"I have an idea what happened Thil. Meet me in the conference room in ten." Inman replied "Captain Inman to all bridge officers, meeting in the conference room in ten minutes. Inman to Ambassador Worf"

"Worf here, is there a problem?"

"Sir, you might want to come to the conference room in nine minutes"

"What for?"

"Best not to say on an open frequency"

"Very well, I am on my way"

Five minutes later, in the conference room at a table, Admiral Inman contemplated how he would break the news to his officers, and more importantly, Worf.

"Sir, if I may" stated Inman's first officer, Elisa Flores

"Yes?"

"Worf may have experience with _A_ Q, but not _THIS_ Q, are you sure Worf can help?"

"Elisa, you know that the Q that Picard and Sisko tangled with is this Q's father, right?"

"No, sir, I did not know that"

"Not many people do. Admirals Janeway and Tuvok want it that way for a reason, so do not tell anyone outside this room"

"Why, sir?"

"I have no idea. I mean, it's not like it's a very valuable piece of information, or that anyone other than a Q can hurt a Q"

"Maybe Q asked to keep it a secret?"

"Maybe, but which one?"

Elisa was about to answer when Worf came in. He was in his battle uniform and he had a Bat'leth attached to his back. He stood next to the head of the table. He growled for a good few seconds and then he started speaking.

"Q visited me three minutes ago. He didn't say anything other than 'Is it a good day to die?' then he disappeared."

"I was hoping to tell you myself that Q came a few minutes ago, right before I called you."

"So, that's what this is about. I should have guessed after that little stunt he played. He's just like I remember, same smirk and same snobbish attitude."

"I think that Q was different than ours, then, because we didn't get your Q."

"Do you mean to tell me there are even more like him? I knew there were more Q, but THIS?"

"We've all heard horror stories about other crews getting different Q before. It would seem, however that Picard, Janeway, and Sisko all got the same Q."

"Ah, yes. I remember seeing him on both the Enterprise and Deep Space Nine. Perhaps we should figure out what two Q's were doing on the same ship at the same time, however."

"Yes, I agree. Our Q had recently sent us to a winter planet to fight for our survival. When we did survive, he gave us plasma based melee weapons. Right before he left this time, he said we might need them soon."

"And my Q asked me about an ancient Klingon proverb that is stated right before a battle is lost."

"Could it be that we are about to face a new species? One that is hostile?" This would be Telata'ix.

"An intriguing possibility, to say the least." T'Beni

"It could be that Q is stirring up the waters right before a first contact of a normally peaceful species, so he could see us go to war with an innocent race" Usynmyn, the Bajoran first officer.

"Both equally likely, but we should play this by ear, so we don't inadvertently start a new war with a new species." Inman

"Agreed, not to mention that relations between our two governments are strained as it is. If Starfleet were to start another war, the Klingons might withdraw support until they are strong enough to conquer the Federation."

"They would do that? Not very honorable" Thil

"To the Federation, maybe. But it is within the cultural norm for Klingons" explained T'Beni

"Okay. Let's get back to the problem at hand" Usynmyn

"Alright, so the plan is to wait here as if we have a choice, until something might or might not come out. If something does come out, we are to hail it. We will not raise shields or power weapons unless the other does so first. Got it?" Inman

This got a chorus of affirmatives.

"Alright. Dismissed, and let's get some rest before whatever happens, happens."

Thomas waited until everyone left before he went out and walked to the turbolift.

"Captains Quarters"

He got out and walked to his bed, where he found Q.

"Not now, Q, I'm tired and I need to be rested to take on whatever you are doing to us."

"Ah, Mon Capitan, you have finally gotten out of that bridge officer meeting. How boringly predictable. In order to 'take this challenge on' you will need to be unpredictable!"

"Can you get this visit over with, so I can sleep?"

"You disappoint me, captain." Q said in a depressed mannerism "You know I can make you fully able to do whatever I want you to do, all you need to do is ask."

"Fine. Can you please leave now?"

"You'll regret this, Isaiah. You'll wish you had asked me to tell you more about whatever is coming through that wormhole."

With that he disappeared, with Thomas wondering if he did, indeed, make a mistake. Still wondering, he got into his sleep clothes and into bed.

"Computer, lights off"

He had a fitful sleep. What happened next made it even worse.

"Captain to the bridge!"

"Inman here, what is it?"

"The wormhole is opening up!"

"I'm on my way. If a ship comes through before I get there, wait for me."

"_Well, here it is. The moment of truth. Whatever this is, it is either dangerous or not. It's either an explorer or a warrior. Time to find out."_ Inman thought

He got to the turbolift.

"Bridge"

Right as he stepped onto the bridge, a ship started coming through. It looked like a combination Caitain Atrox carrier that was flattened, a saucer section of a Sovereign class, and had a few 'fins' on the bottom of it. It was also purple-red.

"T'Beni, open hailing frequencies."

3. The Meeting of the Captains

Chapter Three: The Meeting of the Captains

Voru'Tuyokee took a few moments to study this strange ship. It looked like a human ground vehicle, a black, what did they call it- ah, SUV. It had three claw-like appendages that connected to the central box in parallel to the longest sides, each connected by a pylon. One stuck out from the bottom, and the other two at angles roughly 130 degrees from that one. No two 'fingers' were the same length. There appeared to be a metallic larva attached to one of the upper claws, and the other one had green smoke coming from it. The central box has some spikes coming out from a square that was lit up in a greenish-blue color. Overall it was very frightening, for someone who wouldn't know any better. Voru knew nothing of this ship or its capabilities, so he didn't know any better.

"Listen to the hail. Audio only" Voru stated, a little troubled

"-the _U.S.S. Gallant_. Please state who you are and where you are from. I repeat, unknown vessel, this is the Starfleet starship, _U.S.S. Gallant_."

The bridge was in shock, the hail was in the ****human**** language! Voru wondered how the vermin got ahold of such a ship, and what a Starfleet was. Then he realized something.

"Whatever they are, they are quite obviously not human" Voru

"How can you tell, Shipmaster?"

"Simple. Although we do not have that ship in our database, were they human, would they not recognize us and start firing immediately?" Voru asked. "Reply to the hail, audio only"

"Yes, Shipmaster"

A few minutes had passed after Tom had first sent that hail, on a repeating cycle. He had begun pacing on the bridge, stopping himself, then starting again. Q said that they might need, sometime soon, those weapons he gave them. Is this the test that they'll need them for? If so, then how? That ship would barely be a match for a standard Intrepid class! Are they somehow going to be boarding the Gallant? Or did Q lie to them, so that they would attempt to be more aggressive than usual, and therefore provoke an aggressive response in return? Or is this a scouting vessel, equivalent to runabouts in role and scale?

Directive 010 states that before engaging alien species in battle, any and all attempts to make first contact and achieve non-military resolution must be made. Not that he had any concerns about any battle that might happen between this ship and his. Regardless, this was a First Contact scenario, so this is to be done by-the-book. First, hail the unknown ship and request basic information about who they are and where they hail from. Then, should they answer, request a meeting face-to face if at all possible, in order to discuss peaceable methods of resolution.

"Captain, incoming response, audio only-this is odd..." T'Beni stated, quite matter-of-factly.

"What?" Captain Inman asked.

"I have not yet turned the Universal Translator on, yet they seem to be using Basic."

"While that is interesting, let's not keep them waiting."

"Yes, sir."

T'Beni then puts the audio on the bridge speakers. While Tom isn't sure of what they'll sound like, he suspected somewhat bird-like, given the appearance of the ship on the screen.

"This is Shipmaster Voru'Tuyokee of the Covenant Cruiser _Destiny of Fate_, I wish to talk to the Shipmaster of your vessel."

Well, that wasn't a very bird-like voice at all. If anything, it was reptilian. Well, now that he had seen the ship and listened to a voice of the aliens, he had a rough mental picture in his head. Likely they were like the Gorn, with some possible physical differences. Oddly enough, however, he could not read them, which meant one of three things: 1) They were remotely-controlled drones, 2) They had natural telepathic blocks like the Ferengi, or 3) Q blocked them from being read.

"I am Captain Inman of the starship _Gallant_, I'm assuming that Shipmaster and Captain are just two names for the same role."

"Captain is close enough. However, when I requested to speak with you, I meant alone. What I have to say might be dangerous if the wrong ears were to hear it."

"Very well, that can be arranged. How about we meet in a neutral location then? I was thinking I could use one of my shuttles and fly to a point in between our ships, and you could do the same. That way, whichever shuttle we end up talking on, neither of us could become a hostage."

"Sangheili do not take hostages. We have more honor than that. However, I do not trust you, so this will suffice."

With that the line went silent. Inman looked around his bridge. His crew looked at him in confusion, dread, or anger (In the case of Tel).

"Well, here goes nothing" That was the understatement of the day.

End
file.